

Pour Some Sugar On Me by MusicLover6661

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1. Chapter 1

I laid on the bed reading the book my best friend had told me to read god knows how many times, I was just afraid it wasn't going to pull my interest in. I had to admit that I was wrong though, it was very interesting and suspenseful. I smiled as I flipped the page, the sound of my friend arriving downstairs loudly. Of course she was going to show up as the book got interesting. She always tended to do that.

"Hey, sorry I'm so late" Nancy dropped her bag onto the floor and plopped down onto the chair I had in my room. I shook my head and set down the book I had been reading.

"Don't worry about it, I'm surprised you took so long to get here" I sat up and popped my back, sighing with relief as I did.

"Y/N, were you coming out to party tonight?" She had a hopeful look on her face, I had planned on staying in for the night if I was going to be honest.

"Oh come on, you know I don't like going out that much" And it was true, I preferred staying home most of the time.

"Just tonight, you can hang out with Steve and I" She made the offer sound so good, and I hadn't been to very many parties this year.

"Oh I guess" I smiled and rolled my eyes as she stood up gleefully. She was too excited for her own good.

She ran over to my closet to help me pick something out to wear for the party. I bid her good luck and went down to my bathroom, I didn't have enough time to shower and get ready, so I settled on brushing my teeth. Once my mouth felt extra clean and tasted only of mint I headed back to my bedroom where Nancy had laid out what seemed to be three different outfits. I didn't recognize any of the tops though, they hadn't come from my closet that's for sure.

"Nancy, I will be showing way too much cleavage in any of those shirts" I held up one to my body and frowned. The design was gorgeous, but I didn't need all the guys staring at my chest all night.

"Just try the outfits on, and if they don't work I'll find something else" She was determined to find something "sexy" for me to wear.

I sighed and changed into the first outfit, the jeans hugged my curves perfectly, but the shirt was too wide. As I looked over at her she

shook her head and pointed at the next outfit. Rolling my eyes I stripped down and changed into the second outfit, the shirt clung to my chest, the material had to be silk. And the skirt paired with it just barely covered my mid thigh. Jesus, she was trying to get me laid at this point. I decided to try on the third outfit for the hell of it. The strappy tanktop fit perfectly, giving my chest the perfect curve while also being comfortable. The shorts were much shorter than what I would prefer, but the outfit just went together so well. All I'd have to do is throw on some heels and I'd be ready for the party.

She quickly sat me down in a chair and started on my hair and makeup, I made sure she didn't go too overboard. I didn't need to look scary in case it rained and ruined everything. As she stood back to assess her work she smiled.

"If you don't find someone to dance with or kiss tonight they're all crazy" I couldn't help but laugh, she was definitely trying to get me laid.

"Well it's getting late, so let's go before my mom gets home and sees me dressed like a hoochie mama" I laughed at Nancy's offput look, she hated when I said that.

She ran downstairs and out to what I was assuming her dad's car, I scribbled out a quick note letting my mom know I was with Nancy and I would be staying at her house. As I ran outside I gasped loudly, she was driving Steve's car?! How in the world had she managed to convince him to let her? I walked over and got into the car, Nancy was smiling from ear to ear. She must've done some pretty good ass kissing to let him borrow her car. She turned on the radio loudly and drove to where the party was being held. I never paid attention to names or parties, I never thought there'd be a chance I would actually go to one. As she pulled up we both saw Steve waiting outside, he was relieved to see his car in one piece. She wasn't that bad of a driver.

"See, I told you things would be just fine" She walked over and dropped the keys into his hand, he chuckled and kissed her cheek softly.

"No lovey doveys anymore guys, time to go inside" I stepped out of the car and walked over to where they both stood, Steve's jaw dropping open.

"Holy shit Y/N, you look fucking gorgeous" I couldn't help but giggle at that, I had always felt I was average to everyone. So to be called gorgeous, even if it was by one of my friends, felt pretty damn good. "Well thank you" I smiled and turned to head inside, that was until I collided with someone else.

"Watch where you're fucking going" I rubbed my head as I stood up slowly, of course it was Tommy. I always hated him.

I rolled my eyes hard and headed inside to where the drinks were. Everyone began to whisper asking who I was. It felt good to not be recognized, to have everyone be shocked that it was actually me underneath the makeup. I grabbed a beer and chugged it, which probably wasn't the best idea considering I hadn't really eaten since lunch. Steve and Nancy made their way inside not long after myself, the music was pumping loudly throughout the house. People dancing with one another basically chest to chest. I grabbed a second drink and sipped that one a little slower. Didn't need to get drunk off of three drinks, I wasn't that much of a lightweight. Steve and Nancy headed off to play whatever games there were. No doubt drinking on the side as well. The only sober people here were going to be designated drivers. I headed into the living room where the music was playing the loudest and squealed. One of my all time favorite songs had begun playing, Pour Some Sugar On Me by Def Leppard. It had such a sexy quality about it, I bit my lip softly and started to slowly dance by myself. The first beer I had chugged was starting to hit me slowly, a nice buzz taking over.

As I finished the second beer I felt a pair of arms wrap around my waist, I turned to look and saw a face I didn't recognize, he must've been a football player. I always avoided them in the halls, they weren't the friendliest. I decided that he wasn't doing any harm and continued dancing, grinding against him slightly. He danced against me and chuckled deeply, his grip becoming too tight too fast. I grabbed onto his wrists and tried to pry him off, but he wouldn't budge. Before I could blink or scream he had a hand over my mouth, dragging me into what I could only assume was a broom closet. It was too cramped and I began to fear the worst. I bit down hard on his hand and screamed as loud as I could when he pulled his hand away. It was no use though, the music was too loud for anyone to hear me. He tore at the shirt I wore and tried to unbutton the shorts I

had on. I had thrown on a belt at the last minute and I was thanking myself for doing so. He slapped me roughly and pinned me up against the wall, tears were streaming down my cheeks.

The door swung open not a second later, although I couldn't see who the person was. They tore the asshole out of the closet and pulled him outside. I fixed my shirt as best I could and wiped my cheeks, I really hoped there was no mascara on my face now. I stepped out of the closet and went outside to find the person who had just basically saved my life. Except there was no one to be seen, no one at all. I raised my eyebrow and walked down the steps, had they driven off after beating up the asshole? That had to of been it, cause there was no one outside. Maybe some really drunk people trying to keep their cool, but that was it. Until a figure caught my attention out of my peripheral. I turned to face whomever it was and furrowed my brow. It was Billy Hargrove, the school's notorious asshole. At least that's what he was known as. All the girls wanted him, and all the guys hated him because of it. I never paid much mind to him, he seemed too cocky for my liking. But what if he was the one who just helped me? I at least had to thank him.

"You should cover up, it's pretty cold" There was a cigarette hanging from his mouth, typical.

"I don't have a jacket, left it at home" In reality it was in Steve's car, but they were in the party and I really didn't want to search for them. "That's not very smart sweetheart" My heart fluttered at his words, no one had ever called me sweetheart before.

"Never said I was smart" I blushed as he smirked, pulling a long drag from his cigarette.

"What's your name?" He asked stepping closer to me. Jesus he was a lot more beautiful up close. Oh god now I'm being a pervert.

"Y/N" I said blushing deeper, he flicked his cigarette to the ground and stomped it out.

"Nice to meet you Y/N" He held my hand gently and kissed the back of it ever so softly. I'm swooning for someone I had barely spoken to. What the hell is wrong with me?

"You as well Billy" He raised an eyebrow at his name, surely he knew everyone knew his name.

"I saw you dancing earlier, didn't know a girl like you could move like that" He chuckled softly and stepped closer, our chests almost

touching.

“A lot can happen when you’re alone in your room with nothing but music” I said softly, my voice was barely a whisper.

He reached a hand out and brushed my hair back softly, his hand resting against my neck. I could smell the cologne he was wearing, and the leather from his jacket. I looked up into his eyes, getting lost in the deep blue color. Had I been looking at this man through fogged glass or something? Because he was gorgeous.

“Maybe I could get to see that one night” I bit my lip softly and held my hands against his chest as I stood up on my toes. Our lips connecting in a deep and passionate kiss.

Is this what it felt like when you kissed a greek god? Because I could’ve easily stayed in that spot kissing him, it felt like hours when we finally pulled away from each other. He was panting softly, a deep smirk on his lips, his beautiful pouty lips.

“I’ll hold you to that” Billy chuckled and wrapped his arms around my waist.

“Don’t worry, you won’t have to wait too long” I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him again. There was a fire burning within my chest. I don’t think I could ever get tired of this.

“Y/N!” I jumped back away from Billy startled, Nancy and Steve were outside looking for me. Aww shit.

“I’m over here” I waved my arms above my head and watched as Nancy’s jaw dropped open at the sight of Billy and I standing so close together.

“We were gonna head home, so if you want to umm” She was at a loss of words, glancing between Billy and I.

“That’s fine” I glanced up at Billy and smiled, he was still smirking while watching me.

“We’ll meet you in the car” Nancy and Steve walked off to his car, glancing over there shoulders occasionally.

“So, about seeing you dance around in your room” Billy raised his eyebrow slightly.

“Come by later” I kissed his cheek softly and ran over to where Steve’s car was. Getting in and pulling on my jacket quickly. Billy watched as we drove off, walking to his own car as he did. Perfect.

He definitely wasn't going to have to wait long at all.

2. Chapter 2

I had showered once Steve dropped me off at my house, my mom wasn't home yet so that meant I could shower in peace for as long as I needed. I put on my cutest pair of pajamas and crawled back into my bed, grabbing the book I had been reading before Nancy dragged me off to the party. I had even decided to shave again, even though I knew my legs were smooth as ever. There was no telling if Billy even knew where I lived, why would he bother to show up if another girl showed him interest at the party? Oh well, at least he was a really good kisser, I could handle that much at least.

After reading for a little while I could hear the sound of twigs breaking outside my window, had my cat managed to get out of the house again? I'd just leave a small bowl of food for him outside so he could eat and come back in the morning. Except the noise got louder until it was right outside my window. I sat up and slammed down the book I had been reading and gasped. Billy was leaning on my windowsill, my mother had always yelled at me to shut the window. And now I could see why, but I couldn't be mad even if I wanted to me.

"Hey sweetheart, how're you doing?" He smirked and stepped further into my room.

"Oh I'm just fine" I giggled softly and scooted down towards him. He looked so beautiful, I couldn't understand it. No one had ever made me feel this way before.

"Good, have to say though, climbing up the side of your house wasn't too fun" I looked up at him and bit my lip softly, I'd be sure to make it up to him.

"Where do I kiss to make it all better?" He raised an eyebrow at me and chuckled, grabbing my hand and holding it against his chest.

I pushed myself up gently and kissed the exposed skin of his chest, his breathing getting heavier as I kissed up to his neck. Of course I wanted to kiss every inch of his gorgeous chest, but something was stopping me. This man was a player, he was just going to fuck me and move onto the next best thing. It put a sour taste in my mouth. I pulled away from him and walked over to my desk, I needed to clear

my head more than anything. When I turned back around, Billy hadn't moved an inch. His eyes were locked onto me, a questioning look on his face.

"What?" I wanted to tell him the reason I was uncomfortable was his reputation, but the last thing I needed was to piss him off.

"I'm sorry, I got in over my head at that party" It wasn't entirely false, I had a liquid courage to help me.

"What? Is that code for you're lying to me because of who I am?" He was definitely pissed off, his hands were clenched into tight fists by his side.

"Billy, I just don't know if it'd be right" I kept my eyes on him, to make sure he wasn't going to explode on me.

"If it'd be right? Y/N I'm not a fucking idiot, I know you've heard stories about me" He laughed humorlessly and rubbed his face roughly with his hand.

"I don't listen to the gossip at school, I have better things to do than listen to people spread rumors" Billy stopped and glared at me, I couldn't help but wince. If looks could kill.

"I know for a fact that you've heard something, whether you want to admit it or not" He walked back over to the window and pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

He lit a cigarette and stayed quiet, I knew there was nothing I could say to him that could even sound remotely nice. I was truly afraid of being tossed aside once he was done with me, and sure I had slept with people before but they didn't have such horrible reputations. Billy was known for sleeping with a girl and sneaking out the moment she fell asleep. And that was hearing it from many girls, I didn't know how many were true, but it was the thought of him actually doing it that bothered me. He flicked the cigarette butt out the window once it was gone, his gaze landing back onto me. This wasn't going to be good.

"Just because I've heard the rumors doesn't mean that's why I don't want to fuck you Billy" I was going to stand my ground no matter what.

"Oh? Then please tell me what the actual reason is if it isn't because I supposedly get around" He crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow.

"It's because I don't want to just be another notch on your belt okay? Maybe I'm really into the whole bad boy thing and have a slight crush on you" I blushed deeply as both of his eyebrows shot up. His jaw dropping open slightly.

"You, Y/N have a crush on me because I'm a bad boy?" It sounded worse coming from him, like I was more pathetic than I realized.

"Yes I do" I plopped back onto my bed, waiting for him to start laughing at me.

"I honestly think that's the first time I've heard that in a while. Most girls just want my body for a night before they move onto someone else and get bored with them" I scoffed quietly and rolled my eyes. Of course he would act like a jerk about it.

He walked over and sat down on the bed next to me, his arm wrapping itself around my shoulders. I was regretting wearing the pajamas I had on, they were meant to be seen by someone who deserved it. He clearly thought my crush on him was stupid and wanted nothing to do with it, he made it very clear from the way he reacted.

"Well there you go, that's why I don't want to have sex with you" I said rubbing my arm gently, I needed something to distract myself.

"It's not a bad thing, and I can definitely say I am good looking, but why have a crush on me? Aren't those meant for people you've known longer than a few months?" That caught me off guard, sure I hadn't really talked to him very much. I think I had spoken a total of ten words to him inside and outside of school. Except for tonight that is.

"Crushes can happen anytime, doesn't matter how long you had known the person" I looked over at him, glancing down at his lips. They were softer than I would've thought.

"Hmm, news to me" I looked back up trying not to make it seem as if I was staring at his lips for so long.

"It's all about perspective honestly, some people take longer to develop a crush than others" I clasped my hands together in my lap and sighed. I had to cut myself off before I made an ass of myself.

He rubbed his hand slowly along my back in a comforting way, it felt nice knowing that he wasn't going to make fun of me for what I had told him. I rested my head against his shoulder and relaxed, I could

smell the cologne he wore. It suited him, not too strong but it smelled like what he would smell like, with a hint of ash. That was probably due to the cigarettes he seemed to smoke constantly. There wasn't a moment he didn't have one hanging from his lips, or from his hand.

"I think that's what I liked about you though, you didn't flock to me like everyone else. You focused on yourself and kept doing whatever you wanted" He squeezed my side gently and rested his chin on top of my head.

"I was the new kid once, and I hated how everyone tried to like run me down and be my friend when I was trying to learn everything about the school" I couldn't help but giggle. I had become the new toy in school, all the guys wanted to talk to me. And the girls for the most part weren't very friendly either.

"The guys still hate me, some of the girls do too, but I think that's because I don't go around talking to every girl who tries to hit on me" Billy held his hand still on the center of my back. His expression looked as if he was deep in thought.

"They just expect you to give them attention, the guys did the same thing to me when I first moved here. I couldn't even keep up with people that tried to talk to me" I threw my legs across Billy's lap and cuddled more into his side. I was going to at least get comfortable.

"That's cause they're all pigs" Billy spat out, his lip curled slightly at the thought.

I started to pull my legs up so I could give Billy some space, but he held my legs in place. He seemed to have a very short temper, and that wasn't something I was going to mess with. Nothing worse than getting caught in the crosshairs of someone's melt down.

"As crazy as it sounds, I think I could try hanging around someone like you" That caught me off guard, hang around someone like me? What in the world did he mean by that?

"What do mean Billy?" I looked up at him and ran my fingers through his curls, he sighed with contentment.

"You're so calm, and not to mention gorgeous as hell, it could probably help me" I gripped his hair lightly and blushed. That wasn't something I was expecting to hear, he thought I was gorgeous?

"You and I lead very different lives though, there's no way we'd be able to stand each other after a month" I was being realistic here, he

would surely hate me after that amount of time.

"So? I'm sure we could make something work, you hang out with Steve Harrington for heaven's sake" Billy rolled his eyes and yelled as I pulled on his hair.

"You and Steve are not similar in the least bit, sorry to burst your bubble" I laughed as he grabbed onto my hand and pulled it down into his lap.

"Still, you're used to being around guys who aren't actively trying to fuck you" I was taken aback, so he wasn't trying to fuck me now?

"I mean we could try, but I'm very focused on my education just to warn you" I knew he was failing at least three of his classes, from what Steve and Nancy had both told me.

"How about you tutor me, and I show you how to have fun?" The offer sounded reasonable, and I'm sure Billy would be happier getting his grades up.

"Deal" I shook his hand and smiled.

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## 2 Months Later

Billy and I had become inseparable, we spent almost all of our free time together. I was able to help him bring up all his grades by at least two grades. He was no longer failing any of his classes. Sure he wasn't the brightest student in the class but his teachers were surprised when he was getting decent grades on tests and classwork. They would thank me endlessly, he rarely acted out in class as well. That surprised me, I was sure he'd still be the smartass he always had been. And in turn he showed me how to "have fun" as he had once put it. We would spend our time driving around listening to whatever came on the radio, I kept my promise and showed him how I danced when I was alone in my room. That ended with us making out heavily, his shirt ending up on the floor which was a nice surprise. We grew closer and bonded over more as well. He was a very interesting person once you got underneath the hard layer he had on the outside.

He was a softie as well, although I don't think anyone besides myself saw that side of him. We would cuddle on my couch if the weather

was too bad to drive around and watch movies while my mom was gone. It was like I was seeing a completely different person entirely. I did have the unfortunate of meeting his dad though. I had gone to his house to bring him the classwork and homework he had missed for the day and was met with a sight I wasn't expecting. His dad had pinned him against the bookcase, screaming in his face as I stood frozen in the doorway. Billy's left eye was swelling slightly as he looked over at me. He let go of him almost immediately and left the house without another word, we were lucky enough not to see him for the rest of the day. He finished the work I had brought over relatively quickly and we headed to my house. He went on to tell me how much he hated his dad, how he had treated his step sister way better than he had ever treated him. It nearly broke my heart hearing him talk about it. So I did everything I could to help him feel a little bit better. He deserved so much better than what he was getting at home.

"I know it sounds crazy, but I umm, I wanted to know if you wanted to be my girlfriend Y/N" I was shocked, did Billy Hargrove just ask me to be his girlfriend?

"I'd love to Billy" I smiled and kissed him softly, I could feel his smile in the kiss.

"Oh thank god, I was afraid you were gonna say I was still a jackass to you or something" I giggled softly and held his cheek, he had shown me more than I was ever hoping for.

"Don't worry, even if I did, you're a cute jackass" Billy pouted his lip slightly and held around my waist, his fingers rubbing small circles on my hip.

"As long as I'm cute" Billy reached up and kissed my cheek, relaxing into the couch as I walked into the kitchen.

It felt natural being around him, and with him making things official between us I couldn't be happier. I knew Steve and Nancy weren't going to be a stoked, but they would warm up to him sooner or later. I could show them how much he had really changed. Keeping his softie side to myself of course. No one else was going to see that but me. And I was determined to keep it that way.

### **3. Chapter 3**

I sat watching Billy rock our newborn daughter, thinking of how our lives had truly changed after all these years. He had changed his ways for the most part, staying out of trouble, not getting into fights as often, and he had even gotten a job to save up for an apartment. He wanted me to leave with him the moment we graduated high school, I was afraid of leaving my mom behind though. He assured me we would still be able to visit her on holiday's so I could still see her. He cut his hair the day we moved to sunny California. It was like seeing a completely different person entirely. He was able to get a job at a mechanic while I waited tables until I could find something better. Of course he wasn't happy when I told him about rude customers I dealt with during the days. But the tips made up for it a little bit, things would be just fine. We stayed in our apartment for four years before buying our house, Billy said we would need the extra rooms eventually. I hadn't pictured him as a family man at first, but it started to grow on me. He proposed not long after, I couldn't help the tears as I hugged my arms around his neck and kissed him.

We had a courthouse wedding, not the wedding I was hoping for, but it worked out nonetheless. Soon after I had gotten pregnant with our little girl. I was terrified of telling Billy though, he hadn't talked about having children so soon, especially since he was afraid he would turn into his father. I assured him he was better than his father ever would be, he turned himself around into the amazing man he was today. He would always credit it to me. Saying I helped him change his horrible ways and see that there was good in the world, he just wasn't looking hard enough.

"You're staring, you know that?" Billy's voice broke me out of my daydream, I smiled softly and walked over to him.

"I was just thinking about how happy I am, I can't believe she's finally here" I laid my hand against our daughters back and felt her breathing. She would only fall asleep on Billy's chest, though I don't blame her.

"Oh? What were you thinking about this time?" Billy had always teased me when I told him about my little daydreams, I would usually do it when I was alone. Except now I had a little one to keep

me occupied.

“How much you've changed, look at us” I looked between him and her, she looked so tiny in his hands.

“I can't believe it either, but I wouldn't trade this for the world” Billy had quit smoking the moment he heard I was pregnant, he didn't want to do anything that might harm her. Although his withdrawals weren't very pleasant to deal with.

I ran my fingers through his hair and smiled, it was still curly for the most part, but a lot shorter than it had once been. I jokingly complained that I now couldn't pull it anymore which is what most likely ended up with me getting pregnant. He took up more hours during my pregnancy so I didn't have to work as often, especially when it got closer to my due date. I felt bad though, he would come home late at night exhausted, barely able to eat dinner before he was falling asleep. I would take care of him as if he was my baby during those times, mostly on the weekends when he didn't have to work. He was beginning to work himself sick. He would assure me the paychecks would be worth it, and while it was nice to not have to work when my body felt wider than a whale, I worried about him.

He had been at work when I called to tell him I was in labor, the contractions had just started so I was nowhere ready to give birth. He had dropped the phone and run out of the door after I uttered the word labor, his boss wasn't too happy with him until I explained. He offered to give him the next week off with pay so he could spend time with us. And I was more than thankful for that, newborns were a lot of work. Billy would make her bottles when I could barely lift my head off the pillow and make sure she was alright before laying her back down. He was the first person to give her a bath, sitting inside the large tub with her against his chest. I almost cried at the sight, it was everything I could've dreamed of and more.

“Haley is demanding her mother” Billy stood up carefully as Haley whined in his arms. She was due to eat, and Billy had fed her the last four times. It was my time to be a mom.

“Come see mommy baby” I took her gently and laid her against my chest as I pulled my tanktop down, she latched on quickly and started eating.

I had originally wanted to solely breastfeed, but with having to wake

up constantly my body wasn't able to produce enough milk, so we started switching on and off. Billy would bottle feed her, and if I felt well enough I would breastfeed her. It was easier than I expected, she never fussed during eating, although she did grunt like Billy did. I tended to tease him about that, he would just roll his eyes and go back to whatever he had been doing.

"It's almost dinner time" I had wanted to make something special for Billy, but I had no ambition to cook.

"How about spaghetti? I'll cook" I could've kissed him right there, if it weren't for Haley eating of course.

"Oh babe I love you so much" He smiled and kissed my cheek as he headed down into the kitchen.

The sound of pots clinking together kept my attention, I really hoped he didn't hurt himself, or burn the food again. He wasn't a bad cook, but he wasn't as knowledgeable in the kitchen like I was, and it was fun teaching him things here and there. He would try and cook the best he could during the pregnancy, especially when I had the awfully weird cravings. Even though he hated cooking them, he loved watching how excited I got at the sight of food. I would make him something special for every weird dish he made me. It would range from buffalo wings with ice cream, to tuna sandwiches with caramel. I assured him it was just the baby wanting food, even though they'd make my breath smell bad for a while.

I looked down at Haley and rubbed her cheek gently, she was nodding off slightly, barely latched on anymore. I fixed my tanktop and laid her against my shoulder, burping her as quickly as I could. She tended to overeat when I breastfed, so I had to burp her more gently than if she was bottlefed. Billy was the king of burping her though, no matter if she had drank her entire bottle or not she would burp for him. I wasn't as lucky though, she didn't like to burp for me at all, and when she did she would spit up a little. I didn't hold it against her of course, she was just a baby doing baby things. I also think she was becoming attached to Billy and wrapping him around her little finger. I could only imagine what the future held for me, would Billy want more children? Or would we stay with our family being just the three of us? I wouldn't mind one more baby, even out the number.

I stood up with Haley and laid her down in the bassinet, covering her with the blanket my mom had given us. I turned on her baby monitor and went down to the kitchen, Billy was stirring a pot that I assumed held the sauce. His tongue poking out between his lips slightly, must be in deep concentration. Pulling out a chair from the table I sat down and watched him. He looked over and smiled, his eyes lighting up.

"She burped just fine, I put her back in the bassinet" I said softly, watching Billy closely.

"I told you she was going to be fine" Billy said, his lips pulling into a smirk. The same one that made me fall in love all those years ago.

"She always spits up when I burp her, she's a daddy's girl" I watched as he glanced back at the pot. He knew I was right.

"Okay, you win" I couldn't help but giggle. Billy and I had been betting on who she was going to be attached to more. And it was showing very quickly how attached she was to him.

"I still love you both" I stood up and walked over, wrapping my arms around his waist gently. He relaxed into the touch and sighed softly.

"You better, she's gonna need a sibling" I raised my eyebrow at that, so he at least wanted one more child.

"Only one more, I don't think I can handle anymore kids" I rubbed my fingers along his abs slowly, they weren't as defined as when we were younger. But I still found him as gorgeous as the day I first saw him.

"Let's see how well we can be as parents for Haley, then worry about more kids" It surprised me, he blushed when the doctor told him we couldn't have sex for at least a month. I had to heal after giving birth, so I'd make it up to him in the long run.

"Sounds good to me babe" I kissed his shoulder and rocked with him slightly.

I never imagined this is where our lives would've lead, married with a child. A home that was truly ours, in a place where his father could no longer hurt him. Where the kids from school didn't matter anymore. A place that was truly and only ours. And all because of a party I had gone to when I was a teenager. Who would've known.